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FRUITS OF TIME PARINGS.



Buchan Poetry.

FRUITS OF TIME PARINGS.

BY

W. BEATTIE, ABERDEEN.

*The Text reprinted exactly as it appeared in
the Original of 1813.*

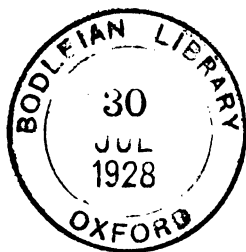
WITH AN

INTRODUCTION AND GLOSSARY.

ABERDEEN:

JAMES MACKAY, 41 & 43 SCHOOLHILL.

1873.





INTRODUCTION.

IN bringing this little volume before the public, it may not be altogether inadvisable to say something about the author and his work. This becomes the more necessary when we find that, although his principal poem has long been locally popular, his poems as a whole have fallen into unmerited obscurity, while the author himself has become an object of somewhat doubtful identity. No doubt one of the most influential of the causes which has led to the scarcity of his genuine productions, is the form in which they were given to the public. They were printed and published in 1813 by Messrs. Imlay and Keith, Longacre, Aberdeen, and formed the first part of a large chap book, entitled "Entertaining and Instructive Tales in two parts;" Part I., "Fruits of Time Parings, by W. Beattie." Of the man himself little can be learned now; and although many inquiries have been made in order to get as much reliable information as possible respecting his life, the little we can get is gleaned from traditional accounts of him handed down from his contemporaries to us. He was born in the sixth decade of last century, and worked during the greater part of his life as a heckler at the Gallowgate-head factory, then a thriving esta-

blishment belonging to Messrs. Young of Cornhill, and Gerrie of Heathcot. He appears to have been married, and to have lived in the Gallowgate, near the top of the Vennel (now St. Paul Street), in one of those old wooden houses, the last of which was taken down about 26 years ago. His rhyming propensity, which was of no ordinary character, soon became known amongst his fellow-workmen, and called round him a group of jovial and congenial spirits, who loved a stiff glass and a racy song. He wrote and extemporized many pieces of a satirical order—launched at individuals whose actions or general tenor of life was repugnant to the poet or his cronies—but unfortunately none of these effusions are preserved. They were, for the most part, recited or sung at the tap-room meetings in Luxemburg's Close, where his celebrated Good-wife's cap ale had charms to attract less drouthy mortals than the heckler poet. These slight reminiscences are all we have been able to collect, and it is not to be wondered at, when we remember that an entire generation had passed away after his death (about 1815), before any enquiries were instituted respecting him. Moreover, a life like his, passed in a busy workshop, presented little by which to distinguish it from the hundreds of others passed in the same work-a-day circumstances, while those among whom he moved were in general blind to the worth of the man—to them the poet was lost in the heckler.

William Beattie has often been confounded with Alexander Beattie, sometime schoolmaster at Tain. This arises from the fact that the latter gentleman published a volume of poetry in 1832 (about 17 years after the heckler died), mostly of a religious

character, but strangely enough containing *The Yule Feast*, *The Brewster Wife* (The Alewife), *The Farmer's Winter's Evening* (The Winter's Night), *The Frugal Wish*, and the *Medley*. As many suggestions have been made in order to explain this seeming plagiarism, we will give the facts on which our conclusions respecting it are based, and leave the reader to judge for himself.

Alexander Beattie was born near Inverurie about 1780, his father being the owner and cultivator of a small farm in that locality. He was educated at Aberdeen University—left for Ross-shire in 1809, and started an adventure school at Fortrose—was appointed English teacher in Tain Academy in 1812, which position he held till shortly before his death, which took place in Aberdeen in 1840. Let us now compare these facts with certain statements made in the “Yule Feast.” It appears from the opening of that poem that the author went on a visit to an uncle, a farmer, in the vicinity of Inverurie (“the length o’ Daviot”)—and it further appears that this visit had been made shortly after 1797, as mention is made of the tailor’s coat being “Camper-down”—a fabric very fashionable for a short time after the celebrated engagement of that name. From the simple facts of the two individuals bearing the same surname, and respectively publishing the same set of poems, a general presumption of kinship had arisen; but when we find, in addition to this, that at the time W. Beattie’s visit was made there was a farmer, or small holder of that name, and in the locality indicated, this presumption is greatly strengthened, and seems to point to no other conclusion than that the two individuals were cousins.

As to the reasons which led to the appearance of these poems in A. B.'s volume, all lie beyond the region of human ken ; but seeing he had left Aberdeen at least three years before the original issue, and considering the limited area over which the publication would then be spread, it is quite possible he had never been aware of their seeing the light. When, however, we compare the poems as given by the heckler and schoolmaster respectively, we find greater differences than would at first sight be expected. The alterations and additions made in the copy of 1832 are so extensive that scarcely one verse of the Yule Feast is the same as in the original edition. The same remark, somewhat modified, applies to the "Alewife," and the whole scene in *The Winter's Night* (*The Farmer's Winter's Evening*) between the pedlar and the lasses is omitted, other verses and incidents being substituted. The extent of these differences, however, can only be properly seen by comparison, which we will leave to those who are curious in such matters. Suffice it to say, that where the phraseology of the original is altered, it is never improved, and that the method of expurgation applied, has been so complete, as to destroy all traces of that masculinity, which is so characteristic of the three principal poems.

The season of jubilee, so vividly described in the principal poem of this volume, has been, from time immemorial, handed down to each successive generation, as a sort of heir-loom from its predecessor ; so that in endeavouring to trace it to its origin, we very shortly find ourselves lost in the mists of antiquity. As far as can be relied on however this feast called Jul

or Yule, was originally held in honour of Frey or the Sun on his return at the winter solstice, and was one of the three great festivals recognised under the Gothic mythology. The leading feature of these gatherings seems to have been the excessive drinking bouts then indulged in, which not only gave colour to the whole affair, but latterly became of such a depraving order as to call for regal interference, in the institution of Guilds or Clubs, of which each and every member became responsible for any excesses which might occur. When Christianity extended its domain and began to encroach on the field of heathendom, the strong social habits which these prior rites and ceremonies had engendered in the people, presented a very formidable barrier to the progress of evangelization. Under such circumstances it was resolved by Gregory the Great that "the festivals of Pagans be gradually changed into Christian festivals, and others made in resemblance of them." Thus by merely changing the names of the beings in whose honour the festivals were held, from Mythological to Christian, an easier method of superinducing the new beliefs on the community was established, although at an enormous sacrifice of purity and simplicity in the principles taught.

In Scotland, prior to 1555, Yule was strictly observed as a holiday, and all its concomitant rites and ceremonies conserved, with that persistence which is always obtained when superstition assumes a religious aspect. After the Reformation, however, every means was used by the clergy to destroy these heathenish superstitions, which had for centuries exercised such a pernicious influence over the minds of the people. A law was passed

compelling the people to remain at work on Yule day, under the most severe penalties in case of non-compliance, while the wives and daughters of the leading reformers span during the day in view of the public. In our City records we find, in 1576, several deacons of trade charged with absenting themselves from work, spending the day in feasting, drinking, and playing ; and, "after purging their consciences of the samen, maintaining that they did not hold the said superstitious day nor nocht of their craft," were bound over in a sum of money for the future behaviour, not only of themselves, but of their respective crafts. Again, in 1605, six persons, "after incalling of God, were delatit to the Kirk Session to be fosteraris of superstitioun in going throch the tounne maskit and dansing with bellis on Yuill day last at night." The fishers of Footdee stood out against going to sea on that and other holidays ; while for many years the scholars of the Grammar and Sang Schools kept up a perpetual warfare with their masters owing to the withdrawal of their Yule holidays. The poor bellman of the Old Town, whose duty-it was to warn the inhabitants of the breach of law involved in keeping up the old customs, got occasionally severely handled by the "collegenars" who would not only take his bell from him, but put him under the necessity of beating a speedy retreat. This position of antagonism between the people and their governors continued for many years, until gradually matters were allowed to settle down and adjust themselves, individuals keeping Yule, or not, as best suited their tastes. It was customary in our rural districts (where Yule was kept long after it ceased to be anything but a name in our larger towns), to have

all kinds of domestic work finished before "Yule even" (see page 32), or should anything, such as spinning, be left in an unfinished condition, it was sprinkled with salt in order to keep off any evil influence. A table was spread inside the door with bread and cheese, to welcome Yule, on the door being first opened that morning; while he who let Yule in, never failed, if he had the good of the family at heart, to come with a full hand, having a peat from the stack, or hay from the "rick," as a guarantee of luck or prosperity for another twelvemonth. (This custom has in some measure been transferred to our New Year morning in the "first foot.") In some cases a member of the family rises before the others, and bakes a bannock or cake, for each person in the house, which has to be eaten by them in bed, and, should any of the cakes break during the toasting, it is supposed that the person for whom it was intended will never see another Yule. As evening draws on, the friends of the family invited for the occasion, begin to gather, in order to partake of the feast, which during the greater part of the day has occupied the attention of the domestics in preparing. The game of tee-totum was a peculiarity of this season [see p. 2], and was engaged in more particularly by the younger members of the company, who for weeks previous would collect pins for the occasion.

An instance of another superstition is mentioned at page 31, in connection with the Rowan-tree. This tree was held sacred by the Scandinavians on account of the fact, that under its branches the gods and warriors held their courts of justice. In the North of Scotland the rowan was esteemed as a preventa-

tive against sorcery ; small twigs of it wound with red thread, being hung over the lintels of byre doors, or attached to anything which would be thought liable to attract evil influences. When sheep or cattle were being driven to the sheelin', rantree sticks were provided for the purpose, while large branches of the same material were placed at the openings of the sheep pens. The belief, in the mystic potency of the wood of this tree, gave rise to the popular rhyme,

“ Rantree an' red thread,
Put the witches to their speed.”

That the observance of such days and customs are fast disappearing from society, leaving only here and there fragmentary traces of their former existence, is one of the results of the general spread of intelligence. Yet although the tendency seems to be, to consider all such customs “more honoured in the breach than the observance,” they have played such an important part in the history of human beliefs, as gives them a value, which, however curious in other respects, they would not otherwise have possessed.

A few words anent the present publication. Our text is a faithful reproduction of the original in every particular, even to mis-spellings, no improvements having been attempted which would encroach in the smallest degree on the text as originally given. As specimens of the “broad Buchan,” of that vernacular which lies closest to the heart and feelings of every true “Buchan bairn,” these poems take the front rank ; and the hope of being able to give them a permanent form, and to link them more closely than hitherto to their author's name, have been the chief incentive to their present publication.

W. P. S. W.



The Yule Feast.

INTRODUCTION.



WISH ye mony a gueed New Year,
And plenty o' this warld's best gear;
This short epistle comes to speir
Gin ye be canty;
An' tell ye what o' braw Yule cheer
I got frae aunty.

Sae blaw your nose, an' tak' a snuff;
An' stir the fire, an' gi'e't a fuff;
An' hem, an' host, an' spit, an' puff,
An' make a' right;
Syne read;—but should you think it buff,
Throw't out o' sight.



ON dark December's five an' twenty,
Auld style ; when auld warld folk hae
plenty

Of roast, an' boil'd, an' a' thing dainty,
To feast their friens ;
An' lads, an' lasses dress fu' genty,
To play at prins ;

I busked in my muslin cravat,
My double blues, big coat, an' a' that ;
An' took a step the length of Daviot,
To see an Aunt ;
Tho' ilka day I manno' fa' that,
I dinna vaunt.

But sic a dismal day of drift,
I think blew never frae the lift ;
Maist ilka step was to my clift,
'Till I wan there :
Judge ye gin I was in a tift
To rant an' rair.

Just as I enter'd in-about,
My Aunt, by chance, was lookin' out,

(She's just as cawler as a trout,
Tho' five an' fifty),
Quo' she, " I'm wae to see your snout
Sae cauld and drifty.

" Come in ! come in ! my cauldri^u lown,
I'm glad ye have not miss'd the town ;
For nae an hour syne, Lawrie Brown
Lair'd in the mire ;—
Cross-nook ye, bairns, an' let him down
Afore the fire.

" Troth, Lawrie wou'd ha'e ne'er been seen,
Had it not been for Sandy Skeene,
Wha had been at Bodhead for shoen,
An' heard him cry ;
An' haul'd him out, him leefu' lane,
As he came by.

" Cast aff yer shoen, an' warm yer feet,
I'm sure they canno' be but weet ;
Hae, set them up on this bit peat,
Anent the cutchack ;
An' Tibby, bring him ben some meat,
Ye senseless smutchack !

“Make haste! an’ gi’e ’m a glass o’ gin,
An’ that will make a’ right within;
Syne, Tib, I trow ye’ll need to rin
Forth to the stack
For peats, the roast will be ahin’;
An’ haste ye back.”

Tibby was back just in a gingle,
An’ soon set on a bleezin’ ingle,
Syne up afore’t she knit a lingle
To swing the roast;
They had nae jack, but this wou’d twingle
W’ little cost.

Upon’t she hung a leg o’ mutton,
As good as ever knife was put on:
Altho’ I say’t, I’m nae a glutton,
Nor yet ill fodder’d;
But, sang! thought I, I’ll slack a button
If ye were scowder’d.

Twa pots soss’d in the chimney nook,
Forby ane hott’rin’ in the crook,
Wi’ viands might ha’e pleas’d the duke
Of Derby’s heir:

Altho' I say't my aunt can cook
Wi' skill an' care.

By this time I'm as warm's a pye,
An' a' my doublets reeslin' dry ;
Quo' I to aunty, " I'll o'er-by
To luckydady ;"
" Do sae," quo' she, " I'll gi'e a cry
When dinner's ready.

" Rob, dinno' sit an' burn yer shoen ;
Gang out about, an' look for Jean,
She's throw the snaw her leefu' lane
For Robbie Riddle,
To bid him come to our conveen,
An' bring his fiddle.

" O ! laddy ! ye're a hagemahush !
Yer face is barked o'er wi' smush ;
Gae wash yersel', an' get a brush
An' brush yer claise :
Yer head's just like a heather bush
Wi' strabs an' straes."

But sang ! when I began to rise,
I think I was in some surprise ;

My feet were swell'd maist out of size,
An' scarce wou'd lift ;
Sic fares the fool, like me, who tries
To wade throw drift.

Yet I gade o'er nae that unswack,
But scarcely had begun to crack,
When in came Tibby at my back,
An' says, " My mither
Is crying for you at the stack,
Come baith thegether."

Quo' luckydad, " She's nae cry lang ;
We'll o'er the gate, an' mix the thrang ;"
Into the kitchen wi' a spang
I gade right cruse ;
My aunty says, " Laddy, yer wrang,
Gae ben a-house."

Sae ben I stammer'd to the ha',—
Jouked, an' ga'e a scrape or twa ;
My uncle says, " Ow ! come awa',
Ye're welcome here ;
An' what time wan ye throw the snaw ?—
It's time to speir."

“Father,” quo’ Tib, “I’m sure it’s mair
Nor three lang hours ; ye need na stare !
But ye was o’er for Grisy there,
 An’ did no’ see him :
Say grace, an’ lat him get a share
 Of what’s to gi’e him.”

Sae up he started to his feet,
An’ said, “ Lord bless us, an’ our meat ;
Amen. Now, Sirs, fa’ on an’ eat
 For welcome are ye ;
x An’ gin a biddin’ winno’ do’t,
 I canno’ gar ye.”

Now ilka ane took up a cutty,
To prie’ gin Aunty’s scan was lucky,
Some threw their mou’s like ony bucky,
 Wha burnt their lips ;
Thought I, sae lang’s I see a chucky,
 Ise nae rin snips.

My aunty scowl’d, an’ ga’e a wink
To uncle, to put round the drink ;
An’ said, “ Sirs, will ye try the skink,
 An’ be no’ nice ;

They're nae that ill, but troth, I think,
They're needin' spice."

"Aunty, lang mat ye had yer heal',"
Quo' I, (an' drinks)—"they're unco weel,
I think, if ye wou'd let them queel ;

We're nae to worry !

A boddy may get time at Yule ;—

We ha'e nae hurry.

"The shame gae by ye, for a laddie,"
She says, "I'm glad 'at ye're sae wadie,
Ye sat sae douff an' dowie a' day

Wi' me the ben ;

But I saw ne'er a cock but craw'd aye

Beside the hen.

"Come, lassies, eat if ye be wise ;
It's needless to be makin't nice ;
Here's fine fresh beef,—take up a slice,

An' think na shame ;

Ye'll a' be yap as hungry mice

Ere ye win hame.

"Come, Mains, will ye put too yer hand
We're nae to keep a huxter's stand ;

(Goodman, hand me in o'er the maund
Yonder, anent ye;)
There's nae a famin' in the land,—
Thank God, there's plenty."

"In troth, I'm doin' what I can,
Goodwife, 'at ye should gar me ban ;
Ye ken lang syne, I'm nae a man
'At needs intreating ;
Na ! constance, it was ay my plan
To mind good eating."

At last an' lang ben came the mutton,
(When ilka face a smirtle put on)
In middle o' rich gravy floatin',
An' nice potatoes ;
I thought mysel', (but never loot on)
Faith, this is satis.

But when the chuck came ben to pike,
My faith ! ye never saw the like,
The sorrow ane amon's wou'd fike
Minch'd meat to make her
'Till aunty says to me, "Ye tike,
Stand up an' break her."

Wi' this my face began to lit,
Sae up I started to my fit,
An' asked ilka ane what bit
 They liked best :
My aunty says, " She ne'er cou'd sit
 Lang on ae nest."

But a' our lasses were so mim,
I just boot take her limb frae limb,
Gi'e some to her, and some to him,
 Where I cou'd rax ;
But, sang, I ga'e mysel' the glim,
 For a' my craoks.

Out-throw the rest my aunty gecket,
To see which way she was dissecket ;
An' mair nor anes, I think, detecket
 The operation,
Because, forsooth, I had neglecket
 Ae dislocation.

At last, came cheese, to crown the feast,
Of Buchan weight, a stane at least ;
My uncle set it to his breast,
 An' whang'd it down ;

He gar'd it look, afore he ceas'd
Like half a moon.

This, wi' a basket fu' o' cakes,
(Nae like the bits the baxter bakes,)
Follow'd the whisky round, what rakes,
What we cou'd cram,
An' aunty's whisky, by my fakes,
Is nae a sham.

Now dinner's o'er, it's wearin' night ;
Sae aunty now strikes up a light ;
Sets a' the fragments out o' sight,
An' forms the ring ;
Syne says, "Sirs, gin ye think it right
We'll hae a spring."

Wi' this, the fiddler screw'd his pegs,
An' I soon gather'd to my legs,
An' up I gat twa bunching megs,
An' fill'd the ring :
Syne claw'd awa' the reels and jigs
Like ony thing.

The auld folk sat behind our backs,
An' gunn'd awa' auldfarren cracks :

Quo' Mains, "that W— P— would tax
Auld Nick himsel' ;
He'll gae as sure as sax is sax—
Far I'll nae tell."

"Sirs, a' our healths about the fire ;
May Fortune guide 's bye pot an' mire ;
An' till the spunk of life expire,
Ne'er be deficient
In granting what our wants require !
An' that's sufficient.

"The grain sells middlin' well, its true,
But de'il-belicket ha'e we now,
But what must pay a double due
To greedy badgers ;
An' syne, we're pester'd wi' a crew
Of drunken guadgers.

"It grieves a body to look back,
An' think how things are gane to wrack—
Wow, Sirs ! when I first fill'd the tack
Of Mains of Mennie,
The farmers had nae neif to mak'
An orrow penny.

“ But now, we toil through wind an’ weet,
And canno’ get the ends to meet ;
But slimly happed head an’ feet,
Fu’ mony a time,
An’ thankfu’ for a bit o’ meat
To fill the wame.

“ Come, here’s The Land of Kail and Cakes !
Still may we gi’e our faes their paiks !
May knaves an’ rebels hing on stakes
As high as Haman !
And never may our Fair, to rakes,
Throw out a gammon ! ”

Between the toasts, this was their clatter ;
But we thought best the floor to batter ;
Ye may be sure, it was no’ water
Made them so frisky ;
’Twas gueed brown stout ’at gard them chatter,
An’ draps o’ whisky.

At last, the Taylor, wi’ a sten’
Got up, (an’ wow but he was fair !)
To dance a reel with Baby Thain,
A charming creature !

But tinctur'd some wi' pride,—the bane
O' female nature.

His left leg was a little scrimped,
Yet after a' nae ill he limped,
Just i' the newest fashion primped,
Wi' powder'd crown :
Altho' his coat has something jimp, it
Was Camperdown.

But there was ae buck o' a chiel'
I think, had been at dancing squeel,
He answer'd sae wi' tae an' heel
To a' the notes,
An' keep'd ay the set an' reel
Throw a' the stots.

At length, when dancing turn'd adwang,
Quo' Aunty, "Mains, ye'll gi'e's a sang ;
For troth the fiddler's jinked lang,
An' tir'd our lasses ;
Come, Sirs, sit down, an' mix the thrang,
An' tak' yer glasses."

"Content," quo Mains, "Ise nae be sweir ;
We seldom a' forgather here :

Lat's see a drappie o' yer beer,
To scour my crap ;
There's naething gars me sing sae clear
'S the cauller drap.

" Come, lads, Yer healths, an' raff o' siller ;
An' he wha has a lass, here's till 'er ;
But dinno' brake her heart, an' kill 'er
Wi' drink, an' dames,
Like city rakes,—nor yet fulfil 'er
In a' her whims.

THE LASS OF ABERDEEN.

Tune—"Auld Langsyne."

As on Dee's flow'ry banks I stray'd,
One morning in the spring,
The birds, that hov'ring round me play'd,
Made all the valleys ring :
And Damon too, upon its verge,
Was careless laid along,
Attending of his fleecy charge ;
Who thus began his song :

Ye birds that warble on each spray,
Ye wood-nymphs all, convene ;

Aid me to sing in softest lay,
The Lass of Aberdeen.

Chorus—O ! may it be the Fates' decree,
That she may yet be mine ;
And may she ever happy be,
Beyond the verge of time !

To give her picture the just dye,
Transcends a' Ramsay's skill ;
Then how shall bardling such as I,
The arduous task fulfil ! &c.

But virtue in a Venus' dress,
Still prompts the bard to sing ;
Say then, ye swains, can I do less
Than touch the willing string ? &c.

Her hair, which sometimes loose she wears,
Is of a lovely brown,
Comb'd neatly back behind her ears
In ringlets hanging down. &c.

In every eye a cupid dwells ;
Her lips of rosy hue ;
Contentment, which dull care repels,
Sits smiling on her brow. &c.

The cherry red, and lily fair,
To grace her cheek combine ;
Each striving to be greatest there . . .
In equal lustre shine. &c.

Her iv'ry neck, her waist conspire,
To make her more replete
With beauty ; and all must admire
Perfections so complete. &c.

But what avails the fairest face,
If guilt pervade within ?
Corroding time will soon deface
The tincture of the skin. &c.

In her each female virtue dwells,
She stoops to reason's will,
Envy her bosom never swells,
Her mind is calm and still. &c.

Let those who wish in courts to press,
Their little wish obtain ;
Let me in rural shades caress
The Lass of Aberdeen. &c."

“ Na ! Mains, ye’ve gi’en’s a sang, I think !
An’ syne sae well’s ye gard it clink,”
My aunty says, “ Come tak’ a drink,
An’ put it roun’ ;
Goodman, troth ye’ll get pen and ink,
An’ write it down.”

“ Indeed,” quo’ Mains, “ I’m nae great craft
At singin’ ; but I sing na aft ;
Yer lasses here ’ll think me daft ;
Lat’s see yer mill :
But that’s òur Robbie’s, warp an’ waft,
Be’t gueed or ill ;”

“ Indeed it’s nae ill cad thegither,”
My uncle says, “ fan I consider :
He’ll get the better o’ his brither,
Gin he had heal ;
An’ yet, as I was telling’s mither,
They baith do well.

“ Hae, birky, tak’ a hearty snuff ;
I mak’ ye welcome sure enough ;
That’s nae yer fuisted kind o’ stuff,
It’s gueed Kilgour.—

Anither lilt, now, worth a ruff
 An' we s' gi'e o'er.

"Stay till we put about the ale ;
A drink is shorter than a tale :
Troth, man, my breath begins to fail,
 I'm a' forfowden ;
I was a stibblert at the flail
 Afore Culloden.

"*God bless our King an' Constitution ;*
An' send us peace on gueed condition ;
An' grant the *Nation* absolution
 For bypast sins !
An' may the French for their ambition,
 Get mizzled shins."

THE FORLORN SHEPHERD.

Tune—"Broom of Cowden Knows."

"My time, O ye shepherds, was happily spent,
 When youth sat in smiles on my brow,
And I whistled o'er my native green bent,—
 O pleasing, yet painful review !

Delighted I hy'd with the herds to the hill,
Or bughted the ewes with my fair,
Or whilst we reclined by the murmuring rill
With daisies I decked her hair.

The pangs of ambition my heart had not felt,
My lass was a kingdom to me :
When absent, in sonnets of love I wou'd melt,
Or carve out her name on each tree.

Oft, oft, have I listen'd her soft melting strain,
Her voice was so charming and clear ;
The flock and the herds on the neighbouring
plain,
In silent attention drew near:

Each morning when Sol streak'd the East with
his beams,
And gilded the hill tops with gold,
We met and related our over-night's dreams
And love did their meaning unfold.

By nature's direction, unaided by art,
In loose flowing curls wav'd her hair,

Her meaning blue eyes spoke the thoughts of
his heart ;

The swains named her Hebe the Fair.

My Hebe and I shar'd the pleasures of youth,
'Twixt labour and innocent play ;
And whilst to each other we plighted our troth,
The hours unperceiv'd stole away.

We promis'd ourselves a long round of delights
When Hymen had sanction'd our love ;
And I for my fair, against that happy night,
A garland of roses had wove.

But ah ! what is happiness here but a name !
The empty delusion is o'er ;
Our fancy'd felicity was but a dream :
For Hebe, dear Hebe's no more.

Ere autumn had twenty times whiten'd the field
Where first my dear charmer drew breath,
The grim king of terrors, to whom all must yield,
Infolded her fair form in death.

O, come then ye shepherds, and mourn with the
Whose sorrows no words can express, [swain,

So great is my grief, so confirm'd is my pain,
That I fear it will never be less."

The lasses now wou'd a' be hame,
For fear o' gettin' an ill name ;
They fear'd the clatt'rin' kitty, Fame,
An' minnie's anger ;
An' aunty said, "'twou'd be a shame
To keep them langer."

A' this was true, we buit to grant ;
But yet our hearts began to pant ;
Sae after taking leave o' aunt,
We came awa' ;
An' ilka lad his lass gallant-
ed throw the sna'.

Nae doubt we took the pairtin' smack,
Yet were not lang o' being back ;
Syne, uncle soon produc'd a pack
O' stamped cards ;
An' trump-about gade on as snack
As we'd been lairds.

But now the drink set some a rockin'
An' ithers turned as din's a docken ;
While some were sneeshin', some were smocin' c k i n
 Enough to smore
Folk wi' the reek; an' some were buokin'
 Ahint the door.

At last sick-sair'd o' cards an' drink,
An' some nae dout, well run o' clink,
We judg'd it time to tak' a wink,
 An' lat them be :
Gin ye read this, I guess ye'll think
 The same as we.





The Winter's Night.

E gentle fouk 'at win in towns,
At canty fires, in well-box'd bouns,
When blust'ring hailstanes rattle,
Consider how the village swain,
Unshelter'd, on the open plain,
Maun bide the bick'rin' brattle.

Or if perforce of endrift styth,
He is oblig'd to seek a lyth
Amo' the byres and barns,
For fear the poor dumb brutes sud smore,
He staps wi' strae ilk navus bore,
An' ilka crevice darns.

Syne after he has dane his best,
The sheep sought hame, an' a' at rest,
He bouns him to the house
An' sits him down upo' the bink,

An' plaits a theet, or mends a mink,
To sair an after use.

The Young-man now casts on his plaid,
To gang an' seek an ewe that's stray'd,
Bat has a tryst wi' Nell;
He thinks they winna be foun' out;
Bat ere a twalmonth come about,
Young Jock 'ill maybe tell.

Sae blyth's he lilts out-o'er the lee
Wi' bonnet cock'd somewhat ajee,
An' whistlin' Nelly Symon,
Between hands thinkin' wi' himsel'
How blest he'll be, when he and Nell
Are link'd in bands of Hymen.

An' Nell comes out to milk the kye,
Glowring atweese her and the sky,
To see gin he be comin';
She sees him leeshin' up the craft
An' thinks her whittle's i' the shaft,—
I wish her joy, poor 'oman.

But now they're met, wese leave them there,
An' back again we sall repair,
The sky begins to darken;

Gin you, or I; were i' their plight,
I guess we wou'd no' think it right,
Were ony ane to harken.

The Shankers hamphise the fireside,
The littleanes play at seek an' hide
Ahint the kists an' tables ;
The Farmer sits anent the light,
An' reads a piece o' Wallace Wight,
Or maybe Æsop's Fables.

An' little Pate sits i' the nook,
An' but-a-house dare hardly look,
But had, and snuff the fir ;
An' fan the Farmer tines the line,
He says, "Yer light casts little shine,—
Had in the candle, Sir !"

The Goodwife sits an' spins a thread,
And now and then, to red her head,
She taks a pickle snuff ;
An' first, she counts how mickle tow,
And syne, how mickle carded woo'
She'll need for apron stuff.

At last she cries, " Gi'e o'er yer ploys,
Ye geets, or else mak some less noise ;

I think ye may be douce,
Ou ! gaen like gaunties in a styel
The fowk 'ill think, 'at's gaen by,
We keep a Bordel house.

" I'll wager, gin I need to rise,
I'll shortly gar you turn the guize,
Ye filthy fashious teds ;
See, here's yer father comin' butt ;
I'll wad my lug he'll teach ye wit !
Come, come an' mak for beds."

Syne, she sets by the spinning wheel,
Taks them in-o'er, and warms them weel,
An' pits them to their hammock ;
Syne haps them up, an' says, " Now, boys,
Lie still an' sleep, an' mak nae noise" ;
An' bribes them wi' a bannock.

Syne she comes ben the house and says,
" Dear me, that stouns amo' my taes
Will pit my heart awa !

That weary corns gi'e me sic pain,
I ken we'll hae a blash o' rain,
Or else a skirl o' snaw.

" Fat keeps that hallirakus scum,
The tailor, 'at he winna come,
An' mend the bairns' duds;
He promis'd aught days syne, I'm sear;
Foul fa' him, gin I had him here,
But he sud get his thuds.

" They never had sae muckle need,
I'm really feart they'll get their dead,
Their duds are turn'd sae auld;
An' silly things, they hae nae wit,
A mament i' the house to sit;
An' now, the weather's cauld.

" Believe me, Sirs, troth I admire
Fat comes o' fok 'at's scant o' fire;
For really this night's thirlin',
I never maist fan sic a frost;
Troth, I believe my taes will roast
An' yet my heels are dirlin'.

"Sirs, I believe it's wearin' late ;
Lat's see in o'er the ladle, Pate,
An' yese get out a castock ;
Gang roun about by Geordy's back,
Ye'll get it lyin' i' the rack
Aside the cutty basket.

"O Peter, ye're a careless lown,
Fat sorrow's that ye're dingin' down !
That's surely something broken ;
I think ye might tak better care,
Ye ken we hae nae things to spare,
They're nae sae easy gotten."

The merry Merchant jokes the Lasses,
An' gars them trow he kens fat passes
Atweesh them and their lads ;
An' reads their fortunes o' the cards,
Weirds some to Farmers, some to Lairds,
To some he weirds Cockades.

Bat wi' his cunnin' magic spell,
He weird's the Maiden to himsell,
An' gi'es her twa-three needles,

Or buttons for her Sunday's sleeves,
Delf set in tin, which she believes
Is silver set wi' peebles.

The Merchant kens fat he's about ;
He has nae will to ly throu, *fat*
Or yet to tramp the gutter ;
He's nae a stranger to his trade ;
For this he gets the chamber bed,
An' raff o' brose and butter.

But now the lave are i' the bung,
And Kate says, " See, ye stupid slung,
Fat way ye've fyl'd my curch ;
Ye think auld Bobby's at your will,
Bat faith I'm red, for a' your skill,
He'll leave you i' the lurch.

" Just keep yer hands upo' yoursell.
Sirs, fand ye ever sic a smell
O' brimstane and nit saw ?
Feich ! dear be hear ! I b'lieve I'll spue ;
Troth, laddy, they that tig wi' you
Will soon hae cause to claw.

" Jean, we'll need to wear hame, I doubt,
We'll baith be prann'd for biding out ;
 Na, lassie, we're a fright ;
The shame be on's for ae clean rag,
An' washing's naething bat a drag,
 We ha'e sae short daylight.

" Tho' we were dress'd, this creeshy woo'
Wou'd soon rub out the mangle hue ;
 Ye never saw sic trash :
We tak it out frae R— M—,
Bat troth, we'll need to gi'e him o'er,
 He's really sic a fash."

The Gaudman sits and toasts his nose,
Or aukwardly heel-caps his hose,
 Or maks yoke-sticks o' rooden ;
Auld Luckydaddy winds at brutches,
And Granny tells them tales o' witches,
 Until the kail be soddon.

Syne, quoth the Horseman, " I suppose,
It's wearin' late, we'll hae our brose—
 I saw the seven starns

Fan I gade forth to soup the naigs,
Hyne o'er ayont the millstane craigs,
Aboon the Parson's barns.

"The morn's *gentle* Christmas day,
As rattlin' Robbie us'd to say,
An' we hae scarce ae starn
O' fardel strae laid by 'gain Yeel,
Bat ere the sky, gin I be weel,
I sall be i' the barn,"

Wi' this the Farmer says the grace,
Wi' bonnet up afore his face ;
An' fan the brose are suppit,
They mak' for bed, an' them 'at's dry,
Just tak' a drink, as they gae by
The cauller water bucket.

An' still, as Sabbath night comes roun',
The chapter's read, wi' holy soun' ;
An' for their past offences
The chapter read, they join in prayer,—
But I half think, wi' some 'at's there,
It's naething but pretences.

For Jock tak's Jenny by the snout,
And Jenny haffins snickers out—
 Syne sic a cushle-mushle
Is heard, that ane wad really think
Some pigs had got behind the bink,
 Or in-beneath a bushel.

Thus does the rusticks' ev'ning end ;
Saft slumbers now their cares suspend ;
 Dark silence fills the house :
(Unless slee^h badrins, on the watch,
Intent his little prey to catch,
 Surprise a hungry mouse).

Till thrice the cock extends his wings,
And thrice^h th' unwelcome tidings brings,
 Of Sol's approaching light ;
The lads, unwilling yet to stir,
Fire aff their morning guns wi' vir,
 An' gaunt wi' a' their might.

At length, the Farmer steals out-o'er
Frae Kittie's side ; he hears her snore,
 An' thinks 'twould be a sin

To wake her,—sae the host he crubs,
An' frae his hose rubs aff the dubs,
Pits on wi' little din.

Syne he'll gang forth and look about,
An' raise the lads, ye needno' dout,
To yoke them to the flail ;
Bat soon as he sets forth his nose, •
The first thing meets him, is a dose
Of styth endrift and hail.

“ Bless me ! it's been a dismal night,”
He says, “ I wish a' may be right,
I hear the stirkies roustin' ;
Rise, boys, you'll sleep awa your sight ;
You've sleepit till it's fair daylight,
For a' your last night's voustin.

“ Well fells us 'at's in bigget bouns,
I pity them 'at's far frae towns,
They canno' dee bat smore,
For mark nor meith ye wadna ken,
The greenswaird how, an' seggy den,
Are striked even-o'er.

"O haste ye, boys—look forth, an' see
The Tap o' Noth, and Bennachee,
Fat heaps o' snaw lie o' them :
Lord help the tenants i' the hills,
For neither ploughs, nor kills, nor mills,
I'm sure, can gae amo' them.

"The hills look white, the woods look blue,
Nae hiddlins for a hungry ewe,
They're sae beset wi' drift ;
We'll gi'e the sheep a rip o' corn
The day—and, ablins, gin the morn
They'll a' win forth to shift.

"An' Jock an' Tam, ye'll yoke an' thrash,
For troth, I dinno think we'll fash
To yoke a plough the day ;
As Bruxy says, 'Gin ye had heal,
I think ye'll hae laid by gin Yeel,
A fouth o' fordell strae'.

"An', Pate, as soon's ye get your pottage,
You'll look gin there be ony stoppage
About the Litster's burn ;

The horse are gaen daft for water,
Gin she be clos'd, we maun be at her,
Afore we do a turn.

“And, are ye hearin', Geordie Lithy?
Ye'll tak the coutter to the smithie,
And get her laid and sharpened;
And haste ye hame, afore't be night,
Ye ken ye winna hae moon-light;
And mind to get her marked.

“The smith i'll ken the mark himsel,
Twa double letters, T an' L,
An' mak it right and tight;
An' tell him, I'll be o'er the morn,
And he and I sall hae a horn,
Gin ilka thing had right.”

Now a' thing's settled for the time,
Nor needs the Farmer sair repine,
Wi' a' his girnels fu';
Bat fat comes o' the cottar fouk,
And sic as hae nae fordell stock,
Bat just frae hand to mou?

For they 'at hae a gueed peat stack,
An' claise to hap baith bed and back,
I think hae nae grite pingle,
(Wi' a brown bickerfu' to quaff)
To gar baith cauld and care had aff,
Afore a bleezin' ingle.





The Alewife coaxing her Customers.

TO ilka body be it kend,
Frae Footdee port to Cawseway end,
That frae this day I do intènd
To be mair sicker :
The ne'er a boddle mair I'll spend
On ale or liquor ;

Except it be for netty drouth,
I take a drap to wet my mouth ;
And really I think that's afouth ;
It's nae sic times,
When folk can scarce get meat enough
To fill their wymes.

In troth, I've been a fool o'er lang,
And liked ay to mix the thrang ;

And gard the coppers flee ding-dang,
At feasts and foys,
I thought I couldno' sit o'er lang
Wi' hearty boys.

The mair we drank, we grew the gribber
And fra ae bottle to anither,
We drank about frae tane to tither
'ill we were spewing,
Nor did we think, or yet consider
What we were doing.

And syne, when it was near the daw'ing,
When dogs were barking, cocks were crawling,
We judg'd it time to clear the lawing,
And ring the bell ;
The wife, tho' she be dreigh o' drawing,
Comes ben hersel'.

Her sides hang o'er her apron-strings ;
And in her hand a trencher brings ;
Says, " Strange be here, Sirs ! na, that dings !
Wow ! sic neglect !
And my hand's sae ta'en up wi' things,
Trowth I forget.

“ I bade John gi’e you bread and cheese ;
But he minds naething but his ease ;
Indeed his head’s been i’ the bees
 Since five o’clock,
A Gilbert Glass came in to see’s,
 And ga ’m a slock.

“ And yon bit lassie ’at we’ve got,
Can scarcely help me wi’ a jot,
Except it be to wash a pot,
 Or rock the cradle ;
They ca’ her father Robbie Scott ;
 He’s our kirk beadle.

“ Now, Sirs,” quo’ she, and curls her lip,
“ It’s really nae to gar you sit ;
But here’s a little savoury bit
 To taste your weason ;
Now, say awa’, and fa’ to it,
 It’s just in season.

“ Wow, Sirs ! the changes I hae seen !
When I came first to Aberdeen,
A house was naething to maintain,
 The fint a gear !

A' thing was large as cou'd ha'e been,
And far frae dear.

"But now I canno' tell the tale ;
For naething's cheap 'at is to sell ;
And for the haddocks ! wae's my fell
They're out o' reason ;
I saw a saxpence gi'en mysel'
For haf a dizen."

When she had finish'd this harangue,
Ye needno' doubt, it was no' lang
Till we began to be right thrang
Wi' what she brought ;
She hadna will hersel to wrang,
Nae doubt we thought.

Quo' I, "Goodwife, this tastes nae ill ;
Come, boys, fa' to, and pass your skill ;
And, wifie, fetch another gill,
And fill our tankar',
We'll need a drap to wet our gill,
Fresh frae the anker."

She rins, and fetches ben wi' speed,
A dizen bottles,—ca's them gueed,

And fills the mug, and till her head,
Says, "Come, here's to ye
There's mair upo' the chimney head ;—
Sae peace be wi' ye."

Syne, shortly we began to reel,
For now the maut's aboon the meal ;
Some o'er a chair, some o'er a steel,
Play coup the ladle ;
"Care !" quo' the wife, "ye've fear'd my chiel
Was in his cradle.

"I think I ne'er got sic a fright,
I'm sure he winno' still the night ;
Gang hame !" quo' she, "it's fair daylight—
Na ! dauty ! na !
I wat I've nane but that gweed gift
To blame for't a'."

Quo I, "Ye're nae well pleas'd, nae dout,
But fan ale's in, ye ken wit's out ;
Ye needno' mak' sae great a rout
About sae little ;
But ye hae piss'd the night, I dout,
Upon a nettle.

“ But ye must just compose yersel’,
For what we’ve broken, we’ll mak’ hale ;
There’s but twa bottles, and the ale,
 Ye ken, ’at’s lost ;
And that’s twa groats, nae great avail ;
 We ken the cost.”

Wi’ this the wife sets up her gash,
And says, “ Ye ken I like ne fash ;
But fan anes folk began to scash,
 I’m fear’d for harm,
And ye began wi’ sic a hash,
 And fear’d my bairn.

“ Besides, ye’ve gi’en my mug a crack ;
But shame be fain, it dos na mak’ ;
Ye’ll make amends when ye come back,
 Gueed greement’s best ;
Now ye’ll gang hame, for trouth in fact
 Ye’ve need o’ rest.”

So this gars a’ our hurry stop,
And ilka ane collect his shot,
And pays the wife, and hame we stot
 Throw thick and thin ;

And maybe get an hour to knock
Ere we win in.

But now for a' the wife's pretences,
If I can only keep my senses,
Shes' nœ'er bring me to mair expences,
The de'il a plack ;
So she may sit and scrape her paunchies,
'Till I gang back.

But seeing I've gi'en o'er the suppie,
Ye needno' dout, but Mrs. Suckie
Will crook her mu' like ony buckie,
And gash her teeth
At me ; but she may kiss her luckie,—
She dwalls in Leith.

THE CAUTION.

Whae'er ye be wha read my rhyme,
Wi' caution use your cash and time ;
Abstain frae porter, beer, and wine ;
Keep hame at night ;
Or else your purse will turn, like mine,
But something light.

If anes your coat be thread-bare worn,
The oxters, and the elbows torn,
You'll soon become the Alewife's scorn ;
Nor will she care,
Tho' you were shot-a-dead the morn,
The de'il a hair.





The Old Priest.

A TRAGI-COMIC TALE.

THERE liv'd a Baker, long ago,—
About a hundred years, or so,—
Who had a yqung and handsome wife,
To soothe the anxious cares of life :
They lived both, if Fame say true,
Happy, as man and wife could do :
And as the thread of tale goes on,
In nine months' time they had a son.
The Parson, now, must be appris'd
To come and have the boy baptis'd.
A day was fix'd on for rejoicing,
Conform to Mrs. Yeast's devising ;
For which there was a grand collation,
And ev'ry kind of preparation :
Nor was there seen so great a feast,
Since Isaac was ta'en from the breast.

At last the day appointed came,
To give the child his Christian name,
The Priest, quite punctual to the hour,
Came knocking at the Baker's door.
The Baker, who was waiting on,
A kindly welcome gave Mess John ;
His Clerk, and Beadle, at his back,
Three *Rev'rences*, all clad in black.
The Priest, now, with a serious gloom,
His eye directed round the room,
Where ev'ry one was on the watch
The rev'rend How d'ye do ? to catch ;
And to return their best respects,
In many formal bows and becks.

Now, Reader, if you think as I,
We'll pass the ceremony by ;
'Tis wrong with sacred things to jest ;
So let us hasten to the feast.

Suppose we, then, the child baptis'd,
According to the form practis'd ;
The guests all seated round a table,
To eat and drink what they were able ;

The knives and forks began to rattle,
A dreadful gormandizing battle !
The din resembled Chevy-Chace,
As soon's the priest had said the grace.
To tell the name of ev'ry dish,
Of boil'd, and roasted, fowl, and fish ;
Of pye, and tart, and pudding nice,
And every kind of sauce and spice ;
Of wines and liquors, creams and sallad,
All calculate to gust the palate ;
Would be to tell, if I had breath,
A tale as long's the Wife of Bath.
Suffice it, then, that they had plenty
Delicious in their kind, and dainty.
The dinner o'er, the toasts went round, }
And wit, and mirth, did much abound ; }
'Till Reason almost lost her ground.
But in the midst of the collation,
The Parson felt a strange sensation,
Which prov'd the cause of much mischief,
As you shall be inform'd in brief.

The Baker's wife, as said above,
Had ev'ry feature form'd for love ;

And tho' she looked something thin,
(But three weeks since her lying-in)
Her blighted charms returning back,
Were mortal to the men in black.
Sometimes, when friends meet at a feast, }
The Devil comes, to pass a jest ; }
And even where there is a Priest ; }
(For Priests can give a dispensation
To shake his paw, with moderation)
But like a cunning fox, and sly,
He makes his first approaches shy,
Until he think he can make free,
And, then, he looks like, who but he !
Then he kicks up a dev'lish dust,
And rams them bellyful of lust :
They swear, rampage, and bray like asses,
And break the bottles, mugs, and glasses ;
Chairs, tables, candlesticks, decanters,
All reel like ships drove from their anchors ;
They hash, and flash, like gladiators ;
Tear clothes, and characters to tatters.
Each Lady thinks herself a Pallas :
Each Gentleman, himself a Wallace ;

And, as they stagger home in corps,
With public lanterns, cats, and wh—res,
Wheel barrows, empty casks and barrels,
The heroes must be picking quarrels ;
Still as they pass, they play d—nation,
And mark their track by desolation.
But after nine or ten hours' sleep
When Reason up again dares peep,
They think upon their last night's dance,
And wish the Dev'l had staid in France,
Or else in hell. Oh ! such a headake !
They cannot taste a bit of seedcake.
Altho' I do not mean to say,
Such frolicks happen ev'ry day ;
I'll warrant, (you and me between)
In this same town, the like has been.
Now, Reader, pardon this digression ;
Altho' it be no innovation :
Some preachers use it, when perplext
For subject to support a text ;
So none should at the fashion spurn ;
But let us to our tale return.

Old Satan, (for we know the devil

Is at the root of ev'ry evil),
Possess'd the Beadle, Clerk, and Priest,
With what's called *venial* sin, at least ;
The more they gaz'd on Mrs. Yeast,
The more the ferment still increas'd ;
Each try'd, in vain, his flame to smother,
Altho' unknown to one another.
At last, the company dissolv'd
And left the lovers, unresolv'd
How to assuage their growing pain :
They thought, and thought, and thought in vain.
Each judg'd, at last, (what could be better ?)
To send their grievances by letter,
By private hand, to Mrs. Yeast,
Would be the safest way, and best.
Each letter told, in language fervent,
How much the author was her servant ;
And begged in a moving strain
That she would deign to ease his pain.
Now, none of those three cunning d—ls,
Knew that they were each other's rivals ;
But you must know, tho' Mrs. Yeast
Was young and charming,—she was chaste ;

She show'd her husband the epistles,
And to be sure, they rais'd his bristles ;
But, after much deliberation,
He bid her send an assignation,
Appointing them an hour to come ;
And say, that he was gone from home.
Well, so she did ; and, to be sure,
The rogues came punctual to the hour.
The Priest arrived first, and knock'd,
The Baker's wife the door unlock'd :
But in an instant, sad mishap !
Came to the door another rap ;
The lady looked sad, and sigh'd—
“ It is my husband ! you must hide.”
And now the storm began to thicken,
The Parson trembled like a chicken ;
He looked round and saw the oven,
And head and feet himself did shove in.
As soon as he was out of sight,
The Clerk's presented to the light.
A second time the door was barr'd,
But now another rap was heard ;
The frightened Clerk, with mighty pother,

Got in beside his Rev'rend Brother.
The Beadle next appear'd in view ;
But ere he pass'd the How d'ye do ?
A rap came to the door like thunder,
Which fill'd his Beadleship with wonder :
All trembling, and half-dead with fear,
He whisper'd soft—" Who comes, my dear ?"
As softly Mrs. Yeast replied
" It is my husband,—you must hide."
Into the oven, 'mong the rest,
He went ; and in came Mr. Yeast.
Unto the oven straight he goes,
And presently its mouth did close ;
Then left them—woful situation !
To die the death of suffocation.
Now leave we them in Purgatory,
And hasten to conclude our story.

The Baker and his Wife were now
In consultation what to do ;
Fearing this batch, which they had baken,
Some future jealousies might waken :
But as they sat, in consult deep,
By chance, in popp'd a chimney-sweep ;

He seem'd to be in woful plight,
And begged lodging for the night.
The Baker answer'd—"Mr Sweep,
If you can but a secret keep,
You shall be welcome here to lodging,
If not, your worship must be trudging."
"Sir," said the sweep, "you may depend,
I never will betray a friend ;
From me you nothing have to fear—
What is the secret, let me hear ?"
"Well," said the Baker, "you must know,
Our Priest call'd in, some hours ago,
And sicken'd here, poor soul, and dy'd ;—
Now, you must throw him in the tide ;
Because his sudden dissolution,
If known, might foster some suspicion—
And people in a public station,
You know, must mind their reputation."
"If that be all," reply'd the sweep,
"I'll do the job before I sleep."
And so to execute his plan,
The Sweep immediately began,
And got the Beadle on his back,

Just like a Priest, all clad in black.
So off he went, and travell'd hard ;
But he must needs pass by the guard ;
When " Who comes there ? " the sentry cry'd ;
" The Devil, Sir," the Sweep reply'd ;
" Since I the truth for once must tell,
I'm going with a Priest to hell."
So onward he his way did stride,
And plung'd the Beadle in the tide.
Now back again he came, elated,
Thinking, how well he should be treated ;
But how surpris'd, to be inform'd,
The rev'rend Priest had back return'd.
However, as the story goes,
(You know, they had no time to lose)
He got the Clerk upon his back,
Just like a Priest, all clad in black,
And off he went, and travell'd hard,
But he again must pass the guard ;
When, " Who comes there ? " the Sentry cry'd ;
" The Devil, Sir," the Sweep reply'd ;
" Since I for once the truth must tell,
I'm going with a Priest to hell."

So onward he his way did stride,
And plung'd the Clerk into the tide.
Well satisfy'd, the Sweep once more,
Came whistling to the Baker's door,
Thinking the Priest was now at rest,
But was inform'd by Mr. Yeast,
That all his travel was in vain,
His Priestship was come back again ;
Altho' he said not much before,
He now rampag'd, rav'd, storm'd, and swore :
At last, when he began to cool,
He said, " I've acted like a fool,
In letting him so oft return ;
But now I'll try him, if he'll burn."
So on his back he got the Priest,
(The Baker smiling at the jest)
And off he went and travell'd hard,
But must the third time pass the guard ;
When, " Who comes there ? " the Sentry cry'd,
" The Devil, Sir," the Sweep reply'd ;
" Since I the truth for once must tell,
I'm going with a Priest to hell."
But 'stead of going to the tide,

- He trudged to the forest side ;
Where, after some few curses mumbl'd,
Down from his back the Priest he tumbl'd ;
And now he went to gather sticks,
But minding's Rev'rence' former tricks,
He made all possible despatch,
And quickly lighted up a match,
With which he soon made up a fire,
That might have fry'd an ox entire ;
And into it with savage force,
He toss'd the Parson's lifeless corse ;
Then, like a wicked wretch, and cruel,
He went again to gather fuel.
But now fell out a sad mischance,
As ever happen'd in romance :
A priest who had been on a visit
Comes riding by the fire, and sees it ;
And so, without suspecting harm,
Alighted straight, himself to warm.
The Sweep, returning, saw him stand,
The whip and bridle in his hand ;
Thinks he, as sure as eggs are eggs,
The Priest has got upon his legs ;

Then flew into a monstrous passion,
And stamped like a bull of Bashan :
“ You rascal, now,” said he, “ explain
What Devil rais’d you up again ?
You certainly must be a wizard ;
But here I’ll roast you like a ghizard.”
The frightened Priest made no reply,
So up he caught him, hip and thigh,
And, worse than any savage beast,
Into the fire he threw the Priest ;
Regardless of his cries and groans,
He burnt him to the very bones.
Thus having finished the Priest,
He nimbly mounted on his beast,
And home a smart jog-trot came hodging,
Cock-sure of victuals, drink, and lodging.
When near the town, he made a halt,
And lighted there, and left the shalt ;
Then to the Baker’s house in haste,
He came, and told them all the jest.
The Baker smil’d at the deception,
And gave the Sweep a kind reception.

Now, reader, you no doubt are guessing,

Those gentry must be shortly missing—
And so they were, next morning soon,
Which rais'd an uproar in the town,
About the Priest, the Clerk, and Beadle ;
At last they found the horse and saddle ;
But after searching round and round,
No further traces could be found.
So after fruitless search, and hard,
They went at last to ask the guard,
If they had seen, since it fell dark,
The Parish Beadle, Priest, or Clerk ?
The Guard repli'd, "'Tis our opinion,
They're not within the King's dominion ;
For all the Sentinels can tell
That ever since the ev'ning fell
The Dev'l's been carrying Priests to ——."





A Medley.

O! the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
The broom of Cowden Knows ;
I wish I were—
O'er the hills and far awa',
O'er the hills and far awa',
The wind has blown me—
Over the water, and over the lee,
Over the water to Charlie ;
I'll gie John Ross anither babee,
To play—
The back o' the bush, behind the bush,
Behind the bush in the garden,
The lassie lost her maidenhead—
For auld lang syne, my jo—
Yese get a green sey apron,
A cow, an' a branded coy ;

An' a' this I'll gi'e to—
The auld wife ayont the fire,
The auld wife ayont the fire,
She'll die for laik of—
Cauld kail in Aberdeen
An' castocks in Stra'boggie O,
When a' the lave get meal and kail,—
I'll ha'e a dance, a dance,
I'll ha'e a dance to the fiddle—
Can ye play me Duncan Gray,
O'er the hills an' far away,
Whip her up against the brae,
An' gird her—
Up i' the morning early ;
Bread an' cheese is better for me
Than—
A' the lasses hereabout,
Bonny laddy, highland laddy ;
They'll hae nane bat—
Honest, auld John Ochletree,
My silly, auld John Ochletree—
Will ye go to the bonny highland hills
An' hear the white kye lowin',

Or, will you go to yon bonny water side

An'—

Ca' hawkie throw the water ;

Hawkie was a wyllie beast,

An' hawkie wad no' wade the water ;

I queest aff my shoen and hose—

An' throw the lang muir I follow'd my Willie,

Out-throw the lang muir I follow'd him hame ;

I follow'd my Willie, an' spent a' my money,

An' a' 'at I got was—

A pipe o' tobacco to poison the Whigs ;

A gill o' Geneva to drown them ;

An' they 'at winno'—

Fill up a bumper high ;

I'll drink a barrel dry ;

Out upon them ! fie ! fie !

'At winno' do't again—

For I'm a bold bachelor winsome,

A farmer by rank and degree,

An' few do I see who're so handsome

At kirk, or at market as—

The Lass o' Patie's Mill

She's bonny, blyth, an' gay ;

In spite of all my skill—
My wife sat by the fire side
The tear into her ee ;
The ne'er a bed wou'd she gang till,
But sat an' sang—
O! gin ye were dead, goodman,
A green turf on your head, goodman,
Then I wou'd ware my widowhood
Upon —
The yellow-hair'd laddie
Sits on yon burn brae ;
Crying, " Bught the ewes, lassie,
Lat nane o' them gae,"
An' always he lilted,
An' always he sang—
" The dear meal will be cheap again ;
The dear meal will be cheap again,
The Farmers may go hang themselves ;
The dear meal will be cheap again."





Character of a Gentleman.



O F Gentlemen we speak and hear,
But little do we know
Who does the title justly wear,
Because we guess from show.

'Tis not his Rev'rence, quite morose,
Who gravely passes by
The weary wight, oppress'd with woes,
And looks the other way.

'Tis not the Coxcomb, in his coach
With gold all glitt'ring gay,
Who greets the ear, at his approach,
With—"D— ye ! clear the way !"

'Tis not the cringing Sycophant,
Who feeds at Folly's cost,

And can traduce, swear, lie, and cant,
As suits the moment most.

'Tis not the furious Fool, who draws
The sword of rancour fell
And stabs his friend, by Honour's laws,
And d—mns himself to —.

Who, then, does this high title wear,
Untainted with Japan?
This need no paradox appear;
It is—an Honest Man.





The Frugal Wish.

MAY I enjoy a state of health,
Free both from poverty and wealth;
And may I ever have a friend,
In whom I safely may depend;
To crack a jock, or tell a tale,
Or share a pint of nappy ale:
And also a good sneeshin mill;
And of the best rappee her fill;
With good tobacco, pipe and box,
And some to spare a friend who smokes.
And in the morning when I rise,
A single glass to clear my eyes:
With some choice books to read at leisure,
To edify, and some for pleasure.
Likewise a kind industrious wife,
Who nothing hates so much as strife;
A snug thack'd house, a canty fire;

A new-cal' cow to fill my byre.
A bonny burnie trotting by,
Wherein to fish with bait or fly.
A nag to feed at hake and manger ;
S^{un} An orrow bed to lodge a stranger.
Thus may I spin the thread of life,
Remote from bustle, din, and strife :
And when at last death takes me aff,
May I deserve this epitaph—
“ Interr'd below this silent sod,
Lies one who always feared God ;
And, when he liv'd, by God's assistance
Held cold and craving at a distance.”



GLOSSARY.



GLOSSARY.

A.

Ablins ; perhaps, likely.
Aboon ; above.
Adwang ; tiresome.
Afore ; before.
Aft ; often.
Amo' ; among.
Amon's ; among us.
Anent ; in front of.
Anes ; once.
Ahin, Ahint ; behind.
'at ; that.
" At last an' lang ; " ultimately.
Atweese, Atweesh ; between.
Aught ; eight.
Auldfarren ; sagacious.
Ay ; always.
Ayont ; beyond.

B.

Baith ; both.
Ban, to ; to use or utter any irreverent exclamation.
Barked ; clotted, encrusted with dirt.
Bat ; but.

Baxter ; baker.

Ben ; a contracted form of "by in," or "by the in ;" the innermost apartment.

Ben-a-house ; towards the inner apartment.

Between hands ; during intervals.

Bickerfu' ; the full of a wooden dish or bowl.

Bickerin' ; the noise made by hurried, rapid movements.

Biddin' ; telling.

Biggit ; builded.

Bink ; a wooden bench or seat in the kitchen.

Birky ; a keen, lively fellow ; a person of mettle.

Bit ; adj., small, little.

Blash, to ; to soak, to drench.

"Blash o' rain ;" a heavy fall of rain.

Boddle ($\frac{1}{4}$ English half-penny) ; used to denote the smallest coin.

Boddy ; person.

Bordel ; s. a brothel.

Bordel-house ; a house like a brothel.

Bouns ; s. limits, boundaries.

Bouns ; v. i. (used in the sense of being *bound* for such-and-such a place) destines, directs his course.

Brattle ; a rattling noise.

Brutches ; pins on which yarn is wound.

Buckie ; any spiral shell.

Buff ; nonsense.

Bunching ; dashing in dress or manner ; having an imposing appearance.

Bung ; the pet ; taking offence suddenly.

Buit, Boot ; must.

Buokin' ; vomiting ; also, the sound produced in the act of vomiting.

Butt ; a contraction of "by out," or "by the out ;" the apartment nearest the door or passage.

C.

Ca' ; to call.

Cad, Ca'd ; driven.

Canno^t ; cannot.

[you were.]

Care ! ; a contracted form of the imprecation "de'il care where

Castock ; the stem of kail.

Cauld ; cold.

Cauldrif ; liable to feel cold.

Cawler, cauller ; fresh.

Cheer ; the generic name for those articles of meat and drink which makes one cheerful.

Chiel ; a young fellow ; "my chiel," a term of fondness used to young male children.

Claise ; clothes.

"Clatterin' kitty ;" applied to any female given to gossiping.

Claw ; to scratch vehemently ; to do anything in a vehement manner.

"Clear the lawing ;" pay the bill.

Clink ; a cant term for money.

Conveen ; a meeting.

Coudno' ; could not.

[fall.

"Coup the ladle ;" the play of see-saw ; to overbalance and

- Crack ; conversation.

Craft ; a small farm ; used also in the sense of "adept."

Cram ; to stuff up.

Creeshsy ; greasy, oily.

Crook ; a chain and hook for suspending anything over the fire.

Cross-nook ; to go to the corners ; go aside.

Curch ; a woman's head-dress, a mutch.

Cushle-mushle ; a confused muttering and movement.

Cutchack ; literally, the clearest part of a fire ; in Aberdeen, applied to the fire and fireside generally.

Cutty ; adj. small.

Cutty ; s. a short spoon made of horn.

D.

Daft ; gay to excess.
Dainty ; tasty.
Dane ; done.
Dauty ; darling, favourite.
Dee ; do.
Deil-be-licket ; not anything, nothing.
Dings ; surpasses, excels.
Dinno' ; do not.
Dirlin' ; a dull pain, accompanied with a vibratory sensation.
Docken ; the dock, an herb.
Doublet ; properly a sleeved waistcoat, but applied in the plural
to clothes generally.
Douce ; quiet, not spirited.
Douff ; dull, stupid.
Dout ; doubt.
Dowie ; dull through physical exhaustion.
Dreigh-o'-drawin' ; slow at giving, not generous.
Duds ; clothes much worn.

E.

Endrift ; snow driven by the wind.

F.

Fa' ; (1) to fall ; (2) to be able, capable.
Fakes ; a corruption of "faith."
Fan ; when.
Fand ; felt.
Fares ; gets, receives.
Fash ; trouble.
Fashious ; troublesome.
Fike ; to be at trouble.
Fint-a-gear ; a cor. of "Fiend-a-gear ;" never a bit.
Fodder'd ; meated, fed.

Forby ; besides, over and above.
 Fordal, Fordel ; before hand, for the future.
 Forfowden ; exhausted, greatly fatigued.
 Forgather ; meet, come together.
 For't ; for it.
 Forth ; without, out of doors.
 "Foul fa' him" ; an imprecation, equivalent to "evil befall him."
 Fouth ; plenty, abundance.
 Foy ; an entertainment given to one leaving a place, or by one
 when his apprenticeship is finished.
 "Frae hand to mou'" ; having only as much as will satisfy
 present necessity—nothing laid past for future use.
 Frien's ; friends.
 Fuff ; air emitted in slight gusts.
 Fuisted ; mouldy, lost the flavour.
 Fyl'd ; soiled, dirtied.

G.

Gade ; went
 Gae ; go.
 Ga'm ; gave him.
 Gammon ; allurements, enticement.
 Gar ; to cause, to force.
 Gash ; literally to make the lower jaw protrude ; insolent talk.
 Gaudman, Goodman ; husband.
 Gaunt ; yawn.
 Gauntie ; "perhaps a barrow pig." (See Jamieson's Supplement to Et. Dic. of the Scot. Lan.)
 [The only instance we know of, in which this word is used, is in the foregoing poem (Winter's Night), as quoted by Jamieson, who seems to be in doubt as to its meaning. It appears to us to be a misprint for "grunties," a very common name about Aberdeen for "pigs."]

Gecket ; looked slyly and derisively.
 Geneva ; the original of "gin."

Genty; neatly, genteelly.
 Gingle; an instant, immediately.
 Girmel; a large chest for holding meal.
 Glim; disappointment.
 Glowring; staring broadly.
 Gnibber; keener in appetite.
 Greement; agreement.
 Grite; great.
 Gueed, Gweed; good. [worthless person.
 Gweed-gift; a contemptuous and derisive term applied to a
 Gunn'd; talked briskly from one to another.

H.

Ha'; the principal room.
 Had; hold.
 Hagmahush; an awkward slovenly person.
 Hale; whole.
 Halliracus; hairbrained, giddy.
 Hamphise; surround.
 Haps; covers.
 Happed; covered.
 Hash; noisy and violent behaviour accompanied with breakage.
 Heal'; a contracted form of "health."
 Heel-caps; bits of cloth stitched on the heels of stockings.
 Hem; a short cough to clear the throat.
 Hiddlins; hiding places.
 Host; cough.
 Huxter; a dealer in small-wares.
 Hyne; far.

I.

'Ill; till, or until.
 Ilka; each, every.
 "I' the bees;" in a state of confusion.
 Ithers; others.

J.

Jouked ; stooped, bowed.

K.

Ken ; know.

Kilgour ; a celebrated snuff, manufactured by one of that name
in the Netherkirkgate.

L.

Laid ; having a piece added to the coulter of a plough.

Laik ; lack.

Lair'd ; stuck fast.

Lave ; the rest, the others.

Large ; plentiful.

Lat, Loot ; let.

Laving ; the reconing, the amount of the bill.

Leeshin' ; taking large and quick paces.

Lift ; the sky.

Lilt ; s. a cheerful air or song.

Lilt, to ; v. t. to sing or whistle a cheerful air.

Litster ; a dyer.

Luckie, Luckyminnie ; grandmother. " Kiss yer luckie ;" a cant
phrase used to any one you cannot be troubled answering ;
equivalent to " go and make love to your grandmother."

Lucky ; adj. good.

Luckydad ; grandfather.

Lurch ; difficulty, dilemma.

Ly ; lie.

Lyth ; a calm, sheltered place.

M.

Mair ; more.

Maist ; almost.

Mament ; moment.

Manno' ; must not.

Maund ; a basket like a corn sieve, made of willows and straw ;
a bread basket.

Megs ; a name used for country lasses generally.

Meith ; landmark or boundary.

Mickle, Muckle ; much.

Mim ; prudish, affecting modesty. [ox.

Mink ; a ring of straw or rushes used in adjusting the bow on an
Minnie ; mother.

Mizzled ; black and blue, the result of a beating.

Mou's ; mouths.

Mull ; a snuff-horn.

N.

Navus-bore ; a hole in wood occasioned by the explosion of a
knot ; used also to mean a hole in wood generally.

Neif ; difficulty.

Netty ; mere.

Nice ; affected gentility.

O.

O'erby ; over to another place at no great distance.

Oorrow ; sundry, paltry, of no particular use.

P.

Paiks ; a drubbing.

Paunches ; the sides of the belly.

Pestered ; troubled, bothered.

Pike ; pick.

Pingle ; struggle for sustenance.

Pits ; puts.

Plack ; $\frac{1}{8}$ of an English penny.

Ploys ; games, plays, frolics.

Pother ; perplexity.

Prann'd ; scolded, reprimanded.

Prie' ; prief, prove.

Prins ; pins ; "to play at prins," to play the game of tee-totum
at which pins were used as stakes.

Q.

Queel ; cool.

Queest ; cast.

R.

Raff ; plenty.

Rakes ; goodly quantities.

Rampage ; to prance about with fury.

Rax ; reach.

Reeslin' ; rustling, rattling.

Red ; to clear away obstructions.

Rip ; a handful of unthreshed corn.

Rooden ; the wood of the Rowan-tree or Mountain Ash.

Roustin ; bellowing.

Ruff ; a round of applause by rattling with the feet.

S.

Sae ; so.

Sair ; serve.

Sang ; an affirmation, equal to "in truth."

Satis ; satisfactory.

Scarce ; scarcely, hardly.

"Scour my crap" ; clear my throat.

Scowder'd ; toasted, cooked.

Scran ; cant for that which has been collected or gathered ; eatables.

Scrape ; the noise made in drawing back the foot while bowing ; a bow.

Sear ; sure ;

Sey ; woollen serge.

Shaft ; heft or handle.

"Shame be fain ;" an imp., equiv. to "devil be fond."

Shankers ; those who knit stockings.

Shoen ; shoes.

Sic ; such.

Sicker ; sure, secure, certain.

"Sick sair'd;" more than enough, satiety.
Skink; soup made of shins of beef.
Skirl, "skirl o' snaw;" snowfall with wind, a snowstorm of short duration.
Sky; daylight.
Slee; sly.
Slung; a low fellow.
Smirtle; a smile, a gleam of satisfaction on the countenance.
Smush; dust or dirt.
Smutchack; an approbrious term for a child.
Snack; smartly, cleverly.
Sneeshin'; taking snuff.
Snickers; laughs in a suppressed manner.
Snips, "to rin snips;" to be in danger of having less than is required.
Snout; nose.
"Snuff the fir"; to knock off the ashes from the burning fir so as to produce a better light.
Soddon; boiled.
Soup; supper.
Spang; "a large step," to leap forward smartly.
Speir; ask.
Spring; a lively dance tune.
Spunk; a small spark.
Squeel; school.
Stammer'd; walked awkwardly, stumbled.
Staps; stuffs.
Starn; (1) a pickle, a small quantity, (2) a star.
Steel; stool.
Sten'; a spring, a bound.
Stibblert; a young fellow, a stripling.
Stots; jerking movements.
Stoun; a sharp pain occuring at intervals.
Strabs; withered vegetable rubbish blown about by the wind.

Striked; smoothed over.

Styth; steady and strong, deadly.

Sud; should.

"The Suppie,"; a cant term for spiritous liquors.

Sweir; unwilling, lazy.

Syne; since, then

T.

Tae; toe.

Ta'en; taken.

Ta'en up; occupied.

"Tane to tither"; one to the other.

Teds; a term of disparagement applied to children.

Theet; one of the traces by which horses are led.

Thirlin; thrilling.

Thrang; busy.

Threw; crooked, twisted.

Throat; a contracted form of "thair-out"; outside.

Thuds; heavy blows.

Tift; condition.

Tig; to meddle,

Tike; properly a dog; applied familiarly to a jovial fellow.

Tines; loses.

Trencher; a wooden or delf tray.

Trouth; in truth; truly.

Twingle; to twine round.

U.

Unco; uncommon; surpassing the ordinary; very.

Unswack; stiff, not agile.

V.

Vir; force.

Voustin'; boasting.

W.

Wad; wager, pledge, stake.

Wadie; plucky.

"Wae's my fell"; a phrase expressive of sadness and astonishment at something extraordinary.

Wame; belly.

Wan, win; got, get.

Wat, to; to know.

Weason; windpipe, gullet.

"To weet our gill;" cant for "to drink."

Weirds; destinies, predicts.

Whang'd; cut in big slices.

Whittle; knife.

"Yer whittle's i' the shaft"; sure of success.

Win; dwell.

Wink; a short sleep.

Wrang; wrong.



Y.

Yap; to have a keen appetite for food.

Yese; ye shall.

Yoke-sticks; the cross beams of a plough at right angles to the pole.

PROBABLE MISPRINTS IN THE ORIGINAL.

- Page 3, line 14, "him leefu' lane," *for* "his" &c.
 ,, 9, ,, 9, "constance" *for* "conscience."
 ,, 21, ,, 1, "his" *for* "her."
 ,, 23, ,, 3, "smocin'" *for* "smockin'."
 ,, 27, ,, 4, "gaunties" *for* "grunties."
 ,, 31, ,, 12, "nose" *for* "toes."
 ,, 66, ,, 5, "jock" *for* "joke."

ABERDEEN:

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